

WAS CANADIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE DESTROYED BY GERMAN BOMBS?

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

IS IT THE WORK OF GERMAN INCENDIARIES? CANADA'S HOUSE  
OF PARLIAMENT DESTROYED BY FIRE.



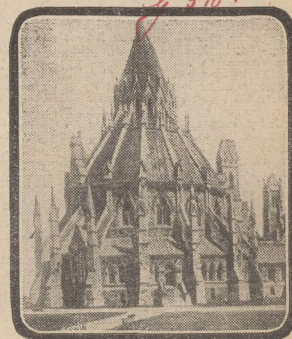
The Dominion Parliament buildings, which stood high on the bank of the River Ottawa. King Edward (then Prince of Wales) laid the corner-stone in 1869.



Mr. Martin Burrell.



Opening of a war session, showing the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.



The reading-room.

German agents are strongly suspected of having caused the fire which has destroyed Canada's Parliament House by means of an incendiary infernal machine placed near the newspaper files in the reading-room. At least two persons—women guests of

Speaker Seigney—have perished, while Mr. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, and Dr. Michael Clark were badly burned. Of the thirty M.P.s in session several had narrow escapes, including Sir Robert Borden, the Premier.



## "NOW HIT ME," SAYS "JIMMY" BRITT.

Cheery Boxer Who Teaches  
Convalescent Tommies.

### BOUTS WITH WOUNDED.

"Jimmy" Britt, the ex-light-weight world's boxing champion, is doing something to make the life of our wounded "Tommies" happier during their convalescence. He is giving boxing lessons to wounded soldiers at the Endell-street Hospital during the time he is in London. At one time this American boxer was the world's light-weight boxing champion. He has given up the ring, and is touring England in vaudeville.

So chairs were arranged round the centre of the "rec" at the hospital, and Britt, in black silk trunks and scarlet jersey, took the centre to instruct the convalescents. Naturally, against a world's champion, they were shy at the start, but Britt's "patter" soon made them easy, and one after another they put on the gloves against the man who three times had fought Johnny Summers.

#### "DOING A GREAT TURN."

Some were good and some were bad, but Britt always got a laugh. He was well liked when *The Daily Mirror* arrived, and the superintendent who introduced him to the room said, "There are hilarious scenes in there. Mr. Britt is doing a great turn."

Britt was boxing with a man who knew the game not as a champion perhaps, but as a boxer, and in three rounds he was encouraging his opponent to hit him.

"Just to wind up," said Britt, "I want to have a turn with a man who does not know how to box, and a man who has never had the gloves on at all."

There was no immediate response, but presently one came forward. "Now, look here," said Britt, "one of the first things you have to learn in boxing is that the right leg carries all the weight. You advance by pushing the left leg forward, and pull the right after you."

No man was ever a boxer who had not a 'jab' with his left hand. Shove it out hard and good, and when you have got it home, bring round the other to it, but always use the left."

"Now hit me one or two three!"

"Hit with the third step, never mind how hard you hit me; leave that to me to look after. Come on—one, two, three!"

"Well, you seem a bit nervous about hurting me, so practise it in your room."

#### "INCULCATING SPIRIT."

A bath, a rub-down, and Britt was a slender, well-dressed man again. The superintendent came to him and thanked him for his display.

"Madame," said Britt, "there is nothing like boxing to inculcate spirit, and your spirit's all right, isn't it? Sure, directly you know it, you might as well give your boys knitting needles."

"Science and culture are fine things. The Italians spent hundreds of years painting pictures, but Napoleon went to Rome and removed them to Paris. And what is the good of science if you are all slaves."

"I think I have made good over here in vaudeville," said Britt. "I know they like me in the ring. London will judge me next week at the Victoria Palace."

As Britt was going out a wounded sergeant said: "Mr. Britt, all wounded soldiers are in need of a ring. I wish you would let the superintendent does not quite know whether it is a proper place; will you tell her that it is, and that all the hospitals are letting their patients go to the matinee."

"Sure," said Britt. And he did.

### FRENCH-SWISS'S CIPHER CODE.

Sentence of three months in the second division was passed at Bow-street yesterday on Maurice Victor Berard, a French-Swiss, described as a hotel manager, staying at the Creighton Hotel, Great Russell-street, W.C., who was charged on remand with having in his possession a cipher code supposed to be for the purpose of communicating information of naval and military matters.

He was further charged with conveying a letter to the United Kingdom from abroad. Defendant admitted having brought a letter from Switzerland.

In the witness-box defendant said he used the code for writing to a girl, but he had not used it since 1912, and had forgotten all about it.

Mr. Oliver, who prosecuted, said he did not seriously suggest that the code was used for any other purpose, but defendant had no business to have it.

### LUCKY RECOVERY OF LOST LETTER

To lose £6 6s. 6d. in the post and to recover it via Bombay has been the experience of Mrs. Blanche Hatt, of 147, Brookwood-road, Southfields, S.W.

Mrs. Hatt forwarded the amount in Treasury notes and postal orders to her wholesale agent in London on December 10. By some means the packet dropped inside a large unsealed packet sent by Mr. Marshall, of 60, Elborough-street, Southfields, to a friend in Bombay. That friend wrote to him later and enclosed the missing letter. Mr. Marshall promptly, within half an hour of receiving it, gave the welcome news of its recovery to Mrs. Hatt, who has now received the packet from the postal authorities.

## MAN TO WIN WAR.

Mr. James Douglas Names Genius  
for Whom England Is Waiting.

### MR. BOTTOMLEY'S DEMANDS.

We want a man!

That is the great popular cry, and it is a cry founded on a great popular need. The British Empire needs a man—a strong man—a brilliant, fearless, stick-at-nothing genius—to win the war.

Where is he to be found? As a matter of fact, he is in our very midst. He has only to be called upon.

And Mr. James Douglas, in a startlingly powerful article in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, calls upon him—and calls upon the Government to call upon him.

This article, "The Man to Win the War," is going to create something more than a sensation. It is going to create results.

Another strong contribution comes from Mr. Bottomley. It is entitled, "Trust the People," and it proves that the war cannot be won by the methods of the Circumlocution Office, or by keeping the public in blinkers.

Before the people can trust the Government the Government has got to trust the people. So speaks Mr. Bottomley, and he has seldom spoken to better effect.

Another fine article comes from Mr. Austin Harrison, who writes on "The Soldier of the Future," and how we must educate him; while Miss Shirley Kellogg writes on our changed ideals of beauty in war-time—a subject of interest to men as much as women.

Altogether, with its war pictures, its new serial, and its bright gossip pages, the *Sunday Pictorial* looks like booming to-morrow.

## TO BE A 'WHITE' SUMMER?

Scarcity of Dyes Gives Women an Anxious  
Puzzle to Solve.

Harsh anxiety is knocking at the hearts of women.

Their war economy plans, so carefully calculated and approved, are threatened by the scarcity of colour dyes.

Another source of summer tints will be extremely difficult to obtain from the dyes, whose whole energies are concentrated on the needs of the troops.

A terrible choice, therefore, lies before the woman who seeks a thinner dress.

Shall she wear black and dark wintry colours, so depressing the spirits of her acquaintances, or shall she depress the bulking of her purse by buying the white material so easy of purchase and by paying vast sums for its weekly cleaning?

The dilemma is one for philosophers and other men of thought to decide.

The shops report a tremendous sale in oyster white and such pale greys as can be obtained.

White gowns by day and night will cheer our men on leave—white cloth, white chiffons, white linens.

The bills of the cleaner will not come in until they are back "somewhere at the front," and the dresses will have served their purpose in avoiding anything approaching a drab or pessimistic appearance.

### LORD ROSEBERY FAVOURS REPRISALS

"We have too long displayed a passive and excessive patience," says Lord Rosebery in a letter to *The Times* published yesterday in respect to the Government's policy with regard to Zeppelin raids.

"To scatter bombs indiscriminately over mansion and cottage, church and school, and to murder civilians, women, children and sucklings in their beds, are the noble aspirations of Prussian chivalry."

"Let us bring it directly to their hearts and homes. Let us unsparingly mete out their measure to themselves. And the blood of any who may suffer will rest on their Government, not on ours."



Travelling by night in France. A convoy approaching a guard is put under observation for identification purposes.—(French War Office photograph.)

## REVELRY AT NIGHT.

Chelsea Captain Objects to Neighbour's 3 a.m. Concerts.

### FIREIRON INTERLUDES.

An amusing story of the amenities of Embankment Gardens, Chelsea, was related to Mr. Justice Younger yesterday.

Captain Tailbe, who lives at No. 2, moved to restrain his next-door neighbour, M. Antonio Gandarillos, a Chilean, from using his rooms late at night for musical entertainments and from breaking plaintiff's windows.

Mr. Frank Russell, K.C., for plaintiff, stated that the defendant was in the habit of giving extensive suppers and musical entertainments, which were kept up until the early hours of the morning.

On November 1 last Captain Tailbe wrote him in French telling him his wife was unwell, that the music could be distinctly heard, and so she was unable to get the absolute rest she had been ordered.

The defendant promised that the music would cease at eleven o'clock except on that evening. That night he did have music from eleven until three o'clock the next morning.

The captain knocked on the wall and his wife knocked on the floor of her bedroom as a remonstrance.

The next thing heard was a loud crash at the front door.

The captain went down and found that the eight panels of his door had been smashed.

Mr. Clauson, K.C., read an affidavit by defendant in which he said he was exasperated by the continuous thumping noise made by his unmusical neighbour, which completely spoilt the entertainment given by his distinguished guests.

Mr. Babinstein and other guests made affidavits declaring that the music, which was classical, was entirely ruined by the continuous knocking and banging of pokers and other fireirons in the plaintiff's house.

His Lordship said it was a most unfortunate dispute, but he could see no reason for granting an interlocutory injunction.

There would be no order on the motion, except that the costs be costs in the action.

## "CURIOS DO NOT EAT."

One Reason Advanced for Present Boom in  
Valuable Bric-a-Brac.

There is a brisk business being done in curios just now.

"I suspect one of the reasons for the recent boom," said a well-known curio dealer to *The Daily Mirror*, can be found in the fact that curios do not eat."

In spite of the present industrial depression, many trades are going strong.

I know, for instance, of one maker of looking-glasses who is working night and day.

There is a demand for shaving mirrors at the front, which seems to be far in excess of the supply.

Now, all this prosperity is going to come to an abrupt end as soon as the war is over.

"Many people realise this, and they are buying curios, not as ornaments, but as investments."

For there is always a demand in certain quarters for these things."

The trade in the cheaper sort of curio, it may be added, is practically dead.

For instance, ostrich eggs, which, two years ago, cost as much as five shillings each, can now be obtained for eightpence.

### LAST BALACLAVA-HERO DEAD.

The funeral took place at Twickenham yesterday of Sergeant James Mustard, the last survivor, it is believed, of the 17th Lancers who took part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, and was accorded military honours.

He was one of thirty-eight men of the 145 of the 17th Lancers that came out of the charge led by Lord Cardigan.

## "LIGHTS OUT" THAT LED TO SCENE.

Armed Soldiers Arrest Woman  
in Dressing Gown.

### OFFICER TO PAY £250.

How a Margate boarding-house keeper clad in her dressing-gown was arrested by two soldiers with fixed bayonets was told in Mr. Justice Lush's court yesterday.

This strange adventure followed the "lights out" order, and the plaintiff in the case, Miss Eleanor Emma Jane Clarke, who is thirty years of age and keeps the Albany Boarding-house on the Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville, sued Lieutenant Henry William Case, Royal Army Medical Corps, claiming damages for false imprisonment and assault and for having been committed by the direction of the defendant.

Lieutenant Case denied the allegations, pleading that he had acted under the orders of the Defence of the Realm Act.

The Judge held defendant had no authority to act in the way he did, and the jury awarded Miss Clarke £250 damages.

### WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.

Mr. Maddocks, for the plaintiff, remarked that at a place like Margate it was important that the lighting regulations should be strictly observed. Rules had been issued by the police authorities against showing much light.

Lieutenant Case said in her house for three months with his wife and family, and he must have been well aware of the lighting regulations.

On September 24 a member of Lieutenant Case's family left the electric light burning the whole of the night in the bath-room.

On that day another notice had been issued by the police, and on September 25 Miss Clarke posted a note in the house stating that the electric light would be turned off at 11.15 p.m.

On the evening of September 25 defendant returned home at 10.30. At this time Miss Clarke was in bed.

Lieutenant Case went up to her bedroom and banged at her door, shouting, "What about this light? I defy you to turn it off. If it is turned off I shall leave in the morning."

#### "ARREST THAT WOMAN!"

Miss Clarke was very much perturbed, and sent Miss Ireland, her companion, to tell defendant that the light must be turned off.

"At 11.15 p.m. the lights were turned out, and Lieutenant Case shouted, 'I demand that the lights be put on at once. This is a garrison town.'"

A few minutes afterwards Miss Ireland found two soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets demanding an entrance to the house. Miss Clarke came down in her dressing-gown.

Lieutenant Case said: "Where is the light? Show it to these men, or I'll put you in a guard-room."

She moved towards the cellar door, where the switch was kept.

Defendant said to the guard: "Arrest that woman!" whereupon the two soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets, seized hold of her and put her under arrest.

She was held in this position for some time, and eventually allowed to go up to dress herself. She ultimately came down, and was held all the time by one of the guards, and her wrists were bruised.

On a constable called to the house and advised plaintiff to put the lights on to save further trouble. The lights were eventually turned up.

Giving evidence, the Lieutenant stated that he was now a captain and medical officer stationed at Margate. He had given plaintiff notice to leave before this affair took place.

#### IF ALARM WERE GIVEN.

When he took rooms he made the arrangement to always have the electric light in his command.

The first time he had seen the notice as to the light was on September 25.

Previously to this he had used the light late at night, as his work was very heavy, and he had often to write until late.

At 11.15, when he was sitting with Mr. Davison, the light went out. He then threatened to take the matter in his own hand and have the light.

When an alarm was given his services would be required at once, and at any time of the night he might be called out. As his efforts to persuade plaintiff failed he went to the guard-room and obtained two soldiers.

His intention was to mount guard over the switch if necessary, to prevent the light being turned off. It was absurd to say that the soldiers' hands were on the plaintiff.

### WERE THEY CONSIDERING THE APPAM?

Important conferences were held at the Foreign Office yesterday.

Among those present, in addition to Sir E. Grey, were Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, the Marquis of Crewe, and Sir F. E. Smith.

The presence of the Attorney-General would seem to suggest that the attitude of the Government in regard to the Appam affair was under consideration.

Read "Why 'The End of the World' is Near," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, on page 5.



# WAR OFFICE REVEAL DAMAGE REALLY DONE IN GREAT ZEPPELIN RAID

**Slight Damage to One  
Munition Factory.**

**DOCKS ESCAPE.**

**Mystery of the Fate of the  
Wrecked Zeppelin, L 19.**

**"K. OF K." SEES THE KING.**

**BERLIN'S LIES EXPOSED.**

With complete candour the War Office revealed last night the actual damage done by the great Zeppelin raid. The real facts show how utterly baseless is the German claim to have inflicted substantial damage on docks and factories.

Men, women and children were murdered and maimed, fifteen dwelling-houses were wrecked, but only two factories—one lamp and one tube factory—were seriously damaged.

**WRECKED ZEPP MYSTERY.**

At the moment the precise fate of Zeppelin L 19, found sinking in the North Sea, is still a mystery.

Nobody can blame the Grimsby trawler for ignoring the Hun offers of gold. German treachery has been only too common during this war. There were only nine hands on the trawler, and there were between twenty and thirty air murderers on the Zeppelin.

**ANOTHER HUN CRIME?**

The burning down of the Canadian Parliament House at Ottawa—involving the loss of six lives—was said to be due to German agencies.

German incendiaries are believed to have put an infernal machine near the newspaper files in the House of Commons reading room. The damage done is estimated at anything up to £1,000,000.

**AN HOUR WITH THE KING.**

Earl Kitchener was received in audience by the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon, and the War Minister remained with his Majesty for about an hour.

**266 PERSONS MURDERED  
IN 29 AIR RAIDS.**

**Abject Failure of Attempts to Harm  
Our Economic Life.**

**(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)**

The following official statement on Monday night's air raid was issued last night:—  
With respect to the recent raid, the War Office announces that the damage to industrial or commercial establishments was as follows:—

Serious damage was done to three breweries, three railway sheds, one engine shed, one tube factory, one lamp factory, and one blacksmith's shop.

Minor damage, such as the shattering of glass and doors, occurred at a munition factory, an iron works in two places, a crane factory, a harness factory, a railway grain shed, a colliery and a pumping station.

No docks, no granaries, munition factories or industrial establishments of any sort, other than those mentioned, were damaged.

**FIFTEEN HOUSES DEMOLISHED.**

Some fifteen houses of working-class people were demolished and a large number of small shops and dwelling-houses were injured—some seriously and many lightly.

The latest returns of casualties show:—

|                | Killed. | Injured. |
|----------------|---------|----------|
| Men .....      | 26      | 48       |
| Women .....    | 28      | 45       |
| Children ..... | 7       | 7        |
| Total .....    | 61      | 100      |

It is not proposed in future to issue detailed statements of this character as it is inadvisable to give information to the enemy as to the result of their attack.

**WANDERING AIRSHIPS.**

On the occasion of this raid, however, in which the largest number, so far, of airships has been employed, this statement of the damage done is given in order to show how unfounded is the claim that the economic life of Great Britain or its military preparations can be appreciably

affected by promiscuous bomb-dropping from airships wandering over the country in the dark. In the twenty-nine raids, great and small, that have taken place over Great Britain since the war began 133 men, of whom seventeen were soldiers; ninety women and forty-three children have been killed, but when it is remembered that in the Lusitania alone 1,188 persons were drowned, the Zeppelin raids as a means of murdering innocent civilians must be comparatively disappointing to their promoters.

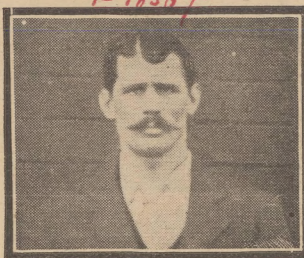
**HAS L19 FOUNDERED?**

GRIMSBY, Feb. 4.—It is stated here that the wrecked Zeppelin passed in the North Sea on Wednesday by the trawler King Stephen has foundered.

As soon as the information was given to the authorities destroyers proceeded to the vicinity, and a thorough search was made, but no wreckage of any description was found and neither were there any bodies seen.

The absence of the latter may be explained by the fact that the Germans were all lashed to the wreckage, and would therefore go to the bottom with their crippled craft.

George Denny, the mate of the King Stephen, told a graphic story to-day of the discovery of the Zeppelin.  
"I was the first to notice the Zeppelin flashing a signal," Denny said, "and we naturally thought it was some vessel requiring assistance. We steamed to the spot. There were eight men on the platform, all of them waving and shouting to us.  
The greater part of the airship was under water, and about 50 ft. of the forepart of the



Skipper William Martin, of the trawler King Stephen.

envelope was above water; in fact, the top part was as high as our mast.

"We had to go close up to hear what the Germans were saying. I then counted eighteen men, and the commander was in uniform. They kept shouting to us in broken English: 'Save us! Save us! We give you much gold if you take us off.'"

"One of the Germans made as if he was going to jump overboard, but as he was a great height up he apparently changed his mind.

**"STRAFE ENGLAND!"**

"We decided it was not safe to take the Germans on board, because they could easily have overpowered us and taken our ship to Germany. So the skipper shouted to them that he could not take them off.

"Then they commenced shouting and saying that they would not touch us if only we would save us! They kept screaming out: 'Save us! Save us!'"

"We decided to report to the first naval vessel we met and let them deal with the matter."

The commander climbed to the rail of the platform on the top of the Zeppelin, shook his fist at the skipper, and shouted "Gott strafe England."

**(BERLIN OFFICIAL.)**

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—The German Admiralty report:—

The marine airship L 19 has not returned from a reconnoitring flight. The inquiries which have been made have had no result.—Central News.

**BRITISH SUCCESSFUL IN  
MINE WARFARE.**

**Our Trenches are Heavily Shelled by  
the Germans.**

**(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)**

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 4, 9.36 p.m.—Our artillery has to-day been active against the hostile trenches on the front between the Rivers Ancre and Somme.

Our trenches about Elverdinghe were heavily shelled to-day.

**(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)**

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon:—

North of Hulluch one of the mine craters which had been occupied by us has been destroyed by another mine exploded by the English.

Near Loos and Neuville lively hand-grenade fighting has taken place.

Enemy artillery has assumed increasing activity at various places on the front, especially in the Argonne.

West of Marle a French fighting biplane, the pilot of which had lost his way, fell undamaged into our hands.—Wireless Press.

**(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)**

PARIS, Feb. 4.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

The day was comparatively quiet. Our heavy artillery shelled an enemy infantry column and convoys which were entering Roye.

The German works were bombarded in the Tahure and Mont Tetu districts of Champagne, in the Harazee sector in Argonne, and on the Momeny-Morville front in Lorraine.

There was nothing of importance to report on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

**DID RAIDER ESCAPE FROM  
KIEL CANAL?**

**Why Sir E. Merewether Is Anxious  
to See Mr. Balfour.**

The question in the Appam drama still is: What's the identity of the raider, and where did the corsair come from?

Some little light is thrown upon the matter by the following Central News message from Washington:—

A wireless message from the steamer Jefferson, via Norfolk (Virginia), states that Sir Edward and Lady Merewether have declined an invitation to visit Sir Cecil Spring Rice at Washington.

"Sir Edward is anxious to reach London at the earliest possible moment to confer with Mr. Balfour, inasmuch as he believes the raider which captured the Appam escaped from the Kiel Canal."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—Mr. Lansing has indicated that the United States Government has decided in favour of the German contention that the Prussian-American Treaty governs the case of the Appam, but the interpretation and the application of the terms of the treaty remain to be decided.—Reuter.

**NET CLOSING ROUND.**

The War Office issues the following communiqué:—

General Dobell, telegraphing from West Africa, states that fifty-eight more armed deserters from the remnants of the German parties surrendered to the French at the end of January, and that more are expected.

Strong French columns are moving south to the Spanish frontier of New Guinea, and one of these is already on the left bank of the Ntem River.

The column from Campo is reported to have already reached Ngou, sixty miles from the coast.



In the registered parcels department at the Censor's. A number of interesting photographs showing how the Huns try to smuggle goods in and out of the country appear on pages 6 and 7.

**CANADA'S BIG LOSS  
BY FIRE.**

**Flames Destroy the Parliament  
House at Ottawa.**

**INFERNAL MACHINE.**

German agencies, it is said, are strongly suspected of causing, by means of an incendiary infernal machine, the fire which destroyed Canada's Parliament House at Ottawa during Thursday night.

It was at 9 p.m. (2 a.m. London time) that "a sudden flash" in the reading-room caught the newspaper files and started the fire.

Two women, described in a New York Reuter message as nieces of Speaker Seigney, lost their lives.

A Central News Ottawa message says it is feared that among those who have perished are Mr. Bowman Law, M.P. for Yarmouth (Nova Scotia), and Mr. J. B. R. Laplanie, assistant clerk at the House of Commons.

Another victim is the engineer, named Winslow, who took steps to prevent a boiler explosion, and in so doing heroically lost his life. The number of injured is given as five.

Sir Robert Borden's cable to London says that four of the House of Commons staff are missing, and that the Hon. Martin Burrill was badly burned.

**MR. BONAR LAW'S ANXIETY.**

The following telegram has been sent by the Secretary of State for Colonies to the Governor-General of Canada:—

"I hasten to express my profound sympathy with your Government and the people of Canada in the grave disaster which they have suffered by the destruction by fire of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa."

"I sincerely trust that there has been no loss of life, and am anxious to learn extent of damage.—Bonar Law."

**JUMPED INTO LIFE NET.**

OTTAWA, Feb. 4.—Two women lost their lives in the House of Commons fire—Mrs. Morin and Mrs. Bray, both of Quebec City. They were guests of the Speaker and Mme. Seigney.

When the alarm sounded Mme. Seigney seized her two small children and called on her guests to follow her. She made her way in safety to the open.

Mme. Dussault opened a window and jumped safely into a life-net.

The other two women guests, becoming confused, ran into a corridor and were there overcome by smoke.

The only person in the reading room when the fire occurred was a woman perusing the files. Her statements are that there was a sudden flash and in an instant the newspaper files were in flames. There was only a slight detonation.

Not more than thirty members were in the Chamber when a messenger notified the Speaker of the fire. The Speaker at once informed the House, and the members made a hurried exit.

The main tower ablaze lit up the snow-covered grounds, which are crowded with citizens.—Reuter's Special.

An earlier Reuter message from Ottawa stated that Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, had a narrow escape, leaving his room without coat and hat. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the ex-Premier, was also in his room, but nearer the main exit.

**SILENCE THAT IS MAKING  
THE U.S.A. UNEASY.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—It is understood that Germany's reply to the United States on the subject of the Lusitania is wholly unsatisfactory.

It is said that the German Government emphatically declines to disavow the sinking of the liner.

The State Department professes to be in the dark as to the nature of the communication sent from the Berlin Foreign Office to Count Bernstorff.

The German Embassy maintains a silence which contrasts strangely with the optimism recently displayed in this quarter.

It is said that there is no indication of the United States Government receding in the slightest degree from its present attitude.—Central News.

**HUNS USING FLAME JETS.**

**(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)**

PETROGRAD, Feb. 4.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

During an aerial reconnaissance at Lake Narozz our aeroplanes, despite a violent fire from the enemy artillery, bombarded the enemy lines and convoys on the Vidzy road.

South of Dubno the Austrians are employing apparatus throwing flames a distance of thirty to forty yards in their attempts to repulse our attacks.

North-east of Czernowitz our heavy guns, supported by aeroplanes, bombarded the enemy batteries in the district of the Toporovtze and Rantche villages.—Reuter.



## ON THE APPAM.

P18526



Dr. Queely, the medical officer. He formerly held an appointment in Queensland.

## A WEIRD HEADRESS.

P17177



Miss Lena Maitland and Miss C. Hatchard, who played in "The Critic," produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre last night.—(Swaine.)

## A "SNOWDROP."

P18526



Miss Vera Desmond, the Snowdrop in "Alice in Wonderland." She sings very prettily.

## PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

P18939H

P493



Mrs. Kell, of Leicester, now ninety-four. She recovered her sight, which she lost in an accident, when she was ninety-one.



Captain the Hon. R. S. A. Palmer, second son of Lord Selborne, who is reported as missing from Mesopotamia.—(Vandyk.)

## WELLS GIVES A DISPLAY AT TERRITORIAL BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

P4482A



Sergeant-Instructor "Billy" Wells (on the right) in the ring at Crowborough. He came specially from Cardiff for the purpose.

## IN HARNESS AGAIN AT SEVENTY.

P4302A



The Nottingham lace trade is booming, but labour is scarce. Here are two old trade pensioners (both over seventy) who volunteered to help at a local factory.

## LEAVING GLASGOW FOR THE FRONT.

P1462F



This is a scene which occurs frequently at Glasgow. The pipers always come to the station to give a "send-off" to a draft when it leaves for the front.

## REMARKABLE SELF-HELP CURE ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND CATARRH.

SPECIAL EDITION OF 100,000 TREATISES BY DOCTOR DISCOVERER OFFERED FREE TO SUFFERERS.

## THOUSANDS OF CURES RECORDED

A special edition of 100,000 copies of Dr. Hair's now famous 48-page Treatise on Asthma, Bronchitis, and Catarrh has just been published for free distribution to sufferers. The treatise tells of the doctor's discovery of a remarkable specific for these troubles that not only permanently cures but at once prevents and effectually removes the constitutional cause. That a lasting cure can now be effected, Dr. Hair has proved not only in his own case, but in thousands of others whom he subsequently treated.

## HOW THE CURE WAS FOUND.

It was his own terrible sufferings that led Dr. Hair to make a thorough study of Asthma and Bronchitis. As a result of his investigations he found that the accepted diagnosis of Asthma, which had always been regarded as a definite organic trouble, was an inaccurate one. Having made this important discovery, Dr. Hair eventually perfected a system of treatment which completely cured him of his own trouble, and which since then has been the means of restoring many thousands of sufferers to health and strength. He states:

"For eleven years I suffered what I cannot describe, expecting death as the only relief. I tried everything I could hear of, with only partial relief. Finally I came to adopt a theory of my own in regard to the nature of the disease. Selecting medicines and preventing the basis of it, I found I was right, and soon I was entirely relieved, and have been free ever since."

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## CONTENTS OF TREATISE.

Among the many interesting chapters it contains may be cited:

Medical Etiquette. How I cured myself. Bronchitis. Causes and Treatment of Catarrh. What to eat and drink and what to avoid.

These, together with other details of absorbing interest to sufferers, are fully explained in the Free Treatise.

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In order that no mistake should be made a coupon is given below, and by filling this up and posting it to-day to Dr. B. W. Hair and Son (Dept. 11D), 90 and 91, High Holborn, London, a copy of the English edition of Dr. Hair's famous treatise will be sent you within forty-eight hours, gratis and post free.

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"Daily Mirror"



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

"SI JEUNESSE POUVAIT!"—"IF YOUTH BUT COULD!"

HAVE we wrongly quoted the proverb? "If youth but knew, if age but could!"—*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!*

No: we have quoted it in our heading as it ought to run; for nearly all proverbs ought to be reversed.

Thus, now, try "If youth but could, if age but knew"; and you may get better advice for a time in which everywhere the aged are sitting on the young. Age *can*; certainly—in the sense that it has the positions, the money, the influence, the jobs. It can, in a worldly sense; but in a moral sense it cannot. It ought to be able to; but it can't.

Youth could, but youth cannot. It cannot, because it is too young for old age.

Yet apart from obvious commonsense justifications for a bigger chance for youth at a time of youth's great opportunity, there are, too, "scientific," biological plausibilities for its employment. There is the argument, supported by that most brilliant disciple of Lamarck, Samuel Butler, that it is the old who are really young and inexperienced and fumbling, and the young who are old in the sense that they have the truer instinct, the apter inherited tact for action, the stronger racial "memory." "The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of little children."

And the kingdom of war is the kingdom of the octogenarian.

So our rulers think. But we complain that here as elsewhere—in the Balkans, for instance—they keep on falling between two stools.

They are, indeed, in average, very old. But are they old enough? Have they sufficiently applied their own principle? We doubt it. "Nobody under sixty, unless good cause be shown," is apparently their motto. But now isn't sixty too young? Oughtn't it to be eighty? We feel very doubtful. We feel strongly inclined to favour the policy of employing no one who cannot remember the Crimean War.

If you remember the Crimean War you've something to go by. You can do it again—muddle it once more. You can profit by your mistakes: which in fact always means you can make them again.

Now several of our rulers cannot recall the Crimean War. They've no tradition. Mr. McKenna, for instance, was only an infant! This will never do. He is much too young. Mr. Asquith indeed is sixty-four and Mr. Balfour sixty-eight. Well, sixty-eight will pass. Mr. Balfour can easily recall the Crimea, even if he's new to Zeppelins. He has experience. On the other hand, we feel certain that the repeated blunders at the Foreign Office—blunders that have alienated nearly every country in Europe from England—must be due to Sir Edward Grey's interesting and promising youth. Only fifty-four. Rash adolescent! Let him go to school and learn French.

Why is it (we want to ask) that such people as Lord Halsbury were left out of the Coalition?

The Coalition should have been formed of men who lived before Queen Victoria came to the throne—men of pre-Reform days. Why was not Lord Halsbury made Premier? He is ninety-one. Born in 1825. And (if he will pardon our suggesting it) why not the Duke of Grafton for Foreign Secretary? Born in 1821. Ninety-five. And Lord Courtney (1892)? And why was Lord Morley allowed to go (1893)?

If youth but could, if age would but let it! But age won't; though age doesn't much care whether we win the war or not. "After me, the deluge!" murmurs age. W. M.

## WHY "THE END OF THE WORLD" IS NEAR.

### THE NEW TRENCH RELIGION OF THE FIGHTING MAN.

By the REV. F. B. MEYER.

THIS is the beginning of the end of the world—the twilight of the war gods before the happy dawning of a new age.

But the world will not end in the way that many imagine. Our revisers are greatly to blame for mistranslating the Greek word *aeon* as "world." Christ did not talk about the end of the world, but of the end of the *age* (*aeon*).

There have been the patriarchal age, the Hebrew age, the Greek and Roman ages, and we are now approaching the end of a great time cycle, and are destined to see the unveiling of a New Heaven and a New Earth—not physically, of course, but in the principles which are henceforward to govern mankind.

We are experiencing the convulsion of which the Lord spoke as the immediate prelude to His

cannot reconcile the war with their idea of God. It is clear that these men have never really understood Him, or they couldn't so easily abandon Him. If we really love a man we stick to him through thick and thin; even though we cannot see what he is attempting to do we still sympathise with him. Many of our heroic fighters have written to say that, in the first-line trenches, they have suddenly realised the truth of the things they had heard as kiddies. Others have spoken of obtaining the sense of God while being engaged in the very heat of battle, or when lying wounded.

#### THE SERIOUS SOLDIER.

Recently General Booth told a writer how eagerly our soldiers at the front talk of serious things. Our officers out there (he said) tell touching stories of the British soldier, showing how deeply he feels, how seriously he takes this war, and how faithfully he entrusts himself to the mercy of God.

"Tell my wife," said a dying soldier, "that I died for my King and country, but that I died for her and the children, too." The last words of another man were just these: "Tell Bob to stick to his mother." The new sympathy of our

## THE CHILD AND THE WAR.—No. 8.



Day by day, the questions young Bob insists upon asking about the war grow more and more difficult to answer!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

advent and the setting up of His Kingdom on this earth. Those who study Scripture were sure that this world convulsion must come. This final conflict had to be. If it had not come we should have been at a loss to explain the clear statements of the Bible. Just as the Spirit of God came into collision with evil at the crucifixion and, though apparently defeated, really conquered, so this last great effort of evil to dominate man (through Prussianism) is being resisted by heavenly as well as earthly combatants, and will be reinforced by divine happenings. In the meanwhile we are getting a clearer and more hopeful understanding of true religion. Scarcely one of us but has been brought a little nearer God, and to co-operate so far as we may, in the hastening of a new and better time. To those who have suffered bereavement I am always saying: Go on trusting and loving.

A soldier remarked a few days ago that he had suffered the hell of Gallipoli without God, and, as there could be nothing worse, he would chance the future.

Others have given up religion because they

soldier to God and to religion proves that their eyes are looking towards the real meaning of the symbol of the Cross—the victory over evil through sacrifice.

Therefore, I think that one of the greatest effects of this war will be that men and women will continue to have a deeper, truer sense of religion.

We are now passing through an experience similar to that of the Hebrews when they witnessed the destruction of their city and temple by the Romans in A.D. 70. They must have felt that religion could never survive such a catastrophe. But as we look back we can see that the overthrow of the "outward signs" led to the development of the "inward grace."

Still, the trench religion will not care for sectarian differences, will have no patience with theological strife, but will demand more opportunities for free expression of their religious faith, as those who have themselves faced death. I am not at all sure that the newly-awakened sense of God, which people are deriving from their experiences on the fields of battle and in our shadowed homes, is going to reinforce the

## "NO INVENTION."

### ZEPPELIN TOPICS DISCUSSED BY SOME OF OUR READERS.

#### TOO LATE AGAIN?

MONTHS and months ago, I remember that Mr. H. G. Wells was urging much more money on an air fleet—a much bigger air fleet, that was continually to bombard German fortified places and continually to hamper their positions.

This was no doubt considered the mere nonsense of the novelist.

I cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Wells's remarkable inventiveness and his scientific imagination might have been of service to our extremely unimaginative and unimaginative rulers.

It must also be remembered that the early reports from the front gave too great prominence to our "ascendancy" over the Germans in this respect. There was too much crowing, and indeed—as we now see—General French was always far too optimistic.

a long war, for instance, has not made the war any shorter. Our beliefs, unfortunately, do not control events. Our deeds do. N. L. E. Chesham-place, S.W.

#### WHAT TEACHER SAYS.

OUR children, especially the younger ones, come home with all sorts of tales about the terrible things that Zeppelins can do.

We ask: "Where did you learn that?" "Why, teacher told us, to-day."

And the poor children lie awake at night, and start up in a fright at sounds which would, in normal circumstances, have made no impression upon them.

It is a most serious thing to rob young children of their sleep.

It would be well, indeed, if the teachers of young children, at least, were to follow the example of the Press Bureau on the subject of Zeppelins. SILENCE.

#### NARROWNESS AND NAUGHTINESS.

BOYS could certainly read passages in the classics that no modern author would dare to print, and this many of your readers think undesirable.

But then those same readers go on to point out that boys cannot read the classics!

One cannot make anything of this inconsistency. A. C.

George-street, Berkhamsted.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

FR. 4.—About the middle of the month, during dry weather, the beautiful ranunculi may be planted.

A good bed of these brilliant flowers makes a fine show in the summer. Let them be set in rich light soil about 3in. apart and 2in. deep. The runners should be planted with the "claws" pointing downwards. Place a little straw over the bed until the young foliage appears.

Poppy anemones and the summer hyacinth (*galtonia candicans*) may also be planted. E. F. T. month.

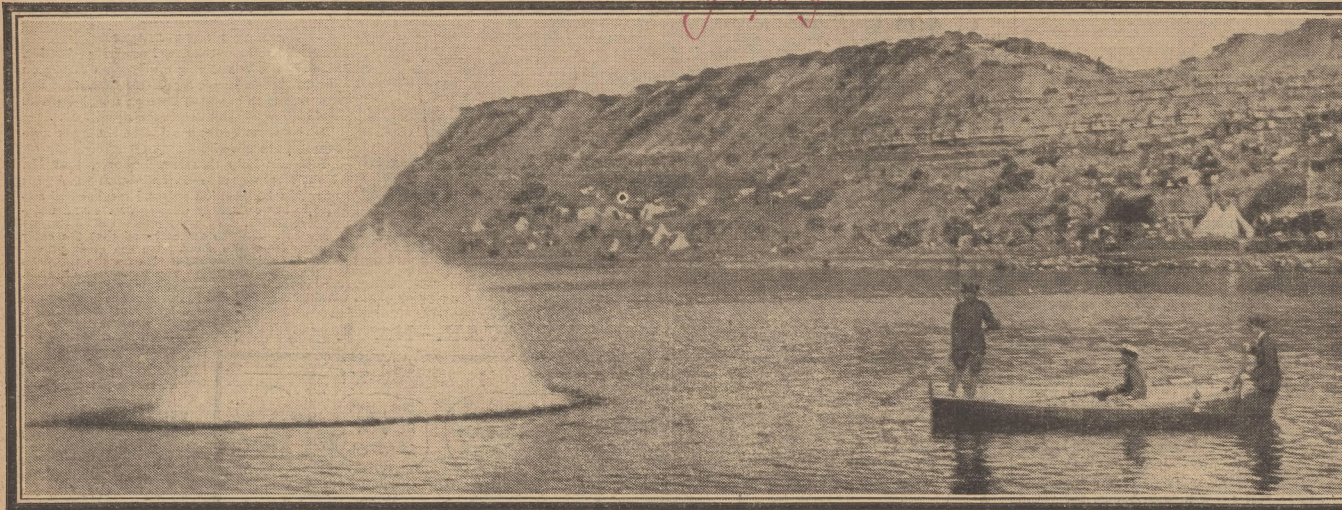
churches as they now are. The churches must begin to consider how they will adapt themselves to the conditions which will obtain in the world after the war.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the young and fair who are the truly old and the truly experienced; it is they who alone have a trustworthy memory to guide them; they alone know things as they are, and it is from them that, as we grow older, we must study if we would still cling to truth. The whole charm of youth lies in its advantage over age in respect of experience, and where this has for some reason failed, or been replaced, the charm is broken. When we say that we are getting old, we should say rather that we are getting new or young, and are suffering from inexperience, which drives us into doing things. We do not understand, and lands us, eventually, in the utter impotence of death. The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of little children.—Samuel Butler.



## A METHOD OF "ANGLING" IZAAK WALTON NEVER THOUGHT



The officers often go out in boats and bomb fish and sometimes get quite a good haul. The photograph was taken just off Helles.

## KILLED AT THE HEAD OF HIS MEN.

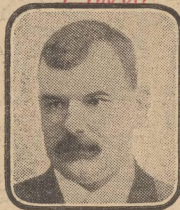
P 18569.



Colonel Desgrees du Laté leading his men to the assault with the regimental flag, for the French, unlike the British, carry their colours into action. One minute after this remarkable snapshot was taken the gallant officer fell dead in front of the German wire entanglements. — (By permission of *L'illustration* and the *Illustrated London News*.)

## TACKLED A MINE

P 18566.



Skipper Fred Firth, of the Grimsby trawler Pelican, who, single-handed, disentangled a mine from his fishing gear.

## WAR INVENTION

P 18567.



Mr. J. C. Lumsden, of Whitley Bay, who has invented a new gun which can throw a shell, and yet be carried with ease.

## HIS HEARERS SAW

P 3008



## PRINCE GOES INTO CAMP.

P 149 E

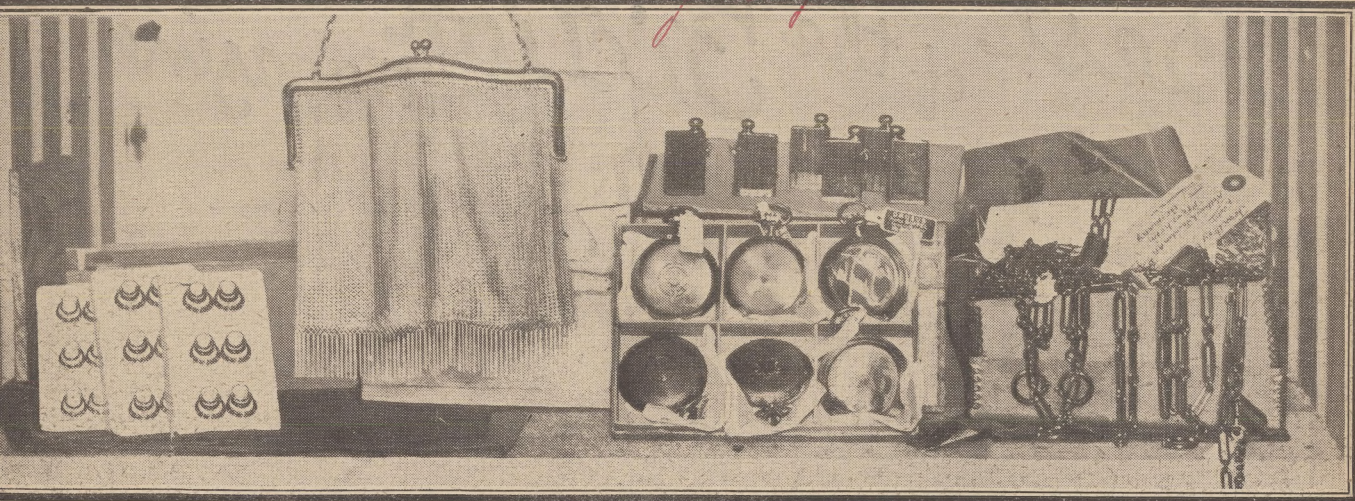


Prince Umberto, the little Italian Crown Prince, is an enthusiastic boy scout. Here he is seen arriving at a camp, where he will spend some time

"Get up higher. We want to see shouted munition workers to Mr. George. So he mounted a table from this more elevated position delivered a great speech.



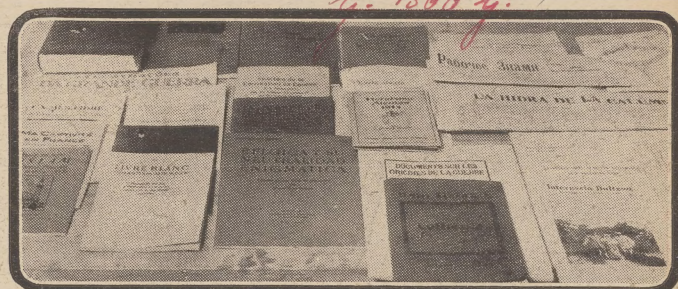
# CONTRABAND BY POST: HUN TRICKS TO EVADE OUR BLOCKADE.



All these were marked as "samples of no value." The articles include expensive gold watches, earrings, a woman's bag, lighters and chains.



Rolls of rubber. It is sent to neutral European countries from the States and South America.



Propagandist literature in all languages, extolling German kultur and her "righteousness."

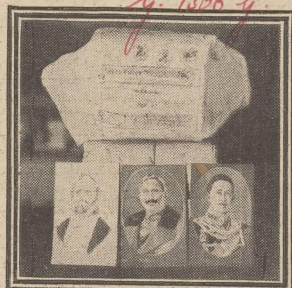


Guitar, mandolin and violin strings, which were destined for Brazil. Their value is about £25.

## ACTION AGAINST OFFICER.

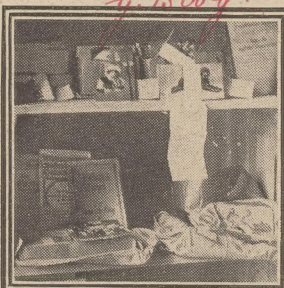


Miss Eleanor Clarke with her soldier. She was plaintiff in an action against an Army officer yesterday.



Postcards of Hun royalties.

An exhibition has just been held in London of articles of contraband which had been sent through the letter post and seized by the British authorities. The exhibition illustrated how Germany has tried to retain a fraction of her export trade at any cost, and to import goods of which she is in such direneed. A quantity of pamphlets was seized, in which alleged "British atrocities" were described in the usual German manner.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Picture postcards and books.

## WELCOMED BY HIS SISTER.



Corporal A. A. Burt, V.C., returned without ceremony to his home at Hertford. His sister is carrying his rifle.



*The Best of the Fiction magazines*

# The PREMIER

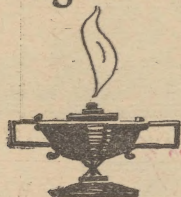


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*and others.*





# LIVE WITH ME EVER

By META  
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

**OLIVE CHAYNE** is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden where he had stood with her in the magic dusk of a summer night. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spins out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then.

“This man,” she thought, “is not what he seems.”

He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace.

Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologised and bidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation.

She remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But though it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first love-letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! She is filled with rapturous wonder.

As she is reading the letter again the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he has arranged to go to the States, and that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that she would always look after her father, and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Ondura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He tells her much about Dick that the terrible thought is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man. A few more sentences from Dick, and she realises that this is the awful truth—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. Later Dick tells her that he cannot accompany her to their home up country, that he must stay where he is, in horror, that Rupert will go with her. On the journey Rupert tells her that he knows the truth.

Olive gets frightened in the night her husband unexpectedly returns.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

“DICK!” His name rang out in a low glad cry. “Dick!” There was no fear of mistake in her heart, no fear of a trap—no thought at all save relief. Dick had come to her aid, as once before, in the hour of her humiliation in the garden of Richmond he had come. The cold glare of night fell away from her as she saw her husband's tall figure black against the silver background of the moonlight, as the flaps of the tent fell back.

“Oh, you've come—you've come!” Relief, and nothing but relief, surging up in an almost hysterical flood, cried out in her trembling voice. But to Richard Heathcote it was love. The rapture of unexpected reunion. The voice of his bride.

He caught her in his arms, and, as he felt the quick throbbing of her heart against his own, all the weariness and fatigue of that forced

march up after her fell away. He felt his strength renewed. The gift which makes men as gods had come to him here in this moon-steeped silence of the African forest.

And the woman? For Olive in these first moments there was no consciousness at all save a sense of peace. She had reached port after storm. The balm of silence had fallen on her after the tumult of city fears.

“Dear—have you never been to bed at all?” Heathcote twisted her round gently that he might see her face. It had only dawned on her that she was still dressed as when he had last seen her many hours before, that her face was wan and tearstained. “Why—did anything happen?”

Alarm sent his happy dreams flying. He blamed himself, even before she spoke, for having persisted in making her start without him against her will.

Olive, did anything happen?” Here in Africa, as he had learned to know, the grim and cruel things of England are the everyday commonplaces of life.

“No, no. But I was frightened—frightened,” she said. “The night was so long. Oh, Dick, it is a queer morning!”

She laid her face against his sleeve and broke into a storm of tears. But it was the eloquence of that broken cry rather than the tears that pressed straight through to Dick's heart.

“Not long, dear heart,” he told her tenderly. “Don't cry, little girl. The dawn is breaking now. Shall we go and look at the coming of morning?”

It was Dick of the garden in Richmond who spoke, not Dick the lover. His voice comforted her. She let him take her hand and lead her as a child might have done.

The wife had never roared in the trees as she fled through the forest, had died now to a whisper. Its voice now was the voice of the sea when it cajoles, as a woman cajoles. In the forest, in this clearing about the camp, night still hung in a shadowy mist; but here on the eminence beyond the pampas-fringed pool, where Heathcote led her, it was already day.

Together the man and woman stood looking down at the camp. Signs of life were beginning to be visible. Black figures, oddly small, even at this distance, were moving briskly. Smoke began to ascend in a steady blue spiral against the golden light.

And as they stood, morning, all glorious with light, came sweeping up over the forest, burnishing the crests of the tapering palms whose heads seemed to touch the sky, filling the world with a golden light.

“Beloved—it is morning!” Dick scarcely was aware that the softly-quoted words reached her ears. He looked down at his wife, and saw it transformed in the sunlight. The dusky cloud of her hair was about it, like the tumbled hair of a child. But it was no longer the face of a child shrinking and terrified from some unknown evil.

Only there was something very futile, very foolish, as though she apologised for the foolishness of her fears.

And they were foolish now, so it seemed to her. Here by his husband's side, in the growing sunlight, even the thought of Rupert had lost some of its sting.

He bent and kissed her. To Richard Heathcote it seemed the most fortunate omen in the world, for this first day of their new life together, the desire to keep her close to him, to shield her from the terrors of the night into the hope of the morning.

Rupert Heathcote, who knew nothing of the incident of his cousin's arrival, greeted Dick with a cordiality that savoured of relief.

“An amazing fellow, old Dick,” he said to Olive. “No other chap on the coast could have made the journey in the time. The wings of love I suppose. No wonder the natives think he's a white witch-doctor!”

But for a certain look she surprised in the younger man's eyes as he watched his cousin, she told herself that she might have dismissed all this talk of the night of laughter that she had some evil dream. Nothing could have been more happy, less embarrassed, than Rupert's bearing towards herself.

Only—there was something very futile, very sinister in his eyes as he watched Richard, who was talking to a group of the black porters under the trees.

Rupert made no pretence of concerning himself with any of the preparations that were going forward for the renewal of the journey. The men worked for Dick as they never worked for him. He had a way with them—Rupert's way was not his.

He lighted a cigarette and strolled away under the trees and tried not to look at Olive where she stood with the sunlight and the play of leaves making a fantastic pattern on her white gown.

She was happy, actually happy—or else a consummate actress, he told himself. But all women were that. She played the part of a happy wife to perfection—there was actually no amusement in her animated face. Once her gay laugh rang out, and in spite of himself he was forced to turn and look at her, forced by his desire to see the love of laughter that he knew so well, dance into life in the grey shining of her eyes.

And as he looked with the dull hunger of his love growing in his heart he saw Dick slip his hand into her arm and go off with her, smiling into her face.

Rupert Heathcote swore savagely as he strode on along the path that led into the forest.

This woman was his by every right—save that of marriage. And what right was that? The poor little fool had simply thrust her head into a noose in a moment of blind panic. He must loosen that noose. He must set her free. He loved her. Thither as he was, this man who had played at love so often, felt it now like

a flame blown back on him by the winds of fate, scorching and consuming him.

Thoughts surged in on him as he strode up and down in restless energy; all the old thoughts of good and ill that come to a man when he finds that he loves another man's wife.

Under the trees Rupert Heathcote fought a losing battle with himself, and always his thought was: What right had Dick to love Dick, who had won her through a mad mistake?

A sudden laugh broke from him, an ugly scowl here in the peace of the gold-and-blue morning. Words had come stirring to the surface of his memory, the refrain of a song he had once heard Olive sing—

“I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more.”

“The man who wrote that was a fool!” Rupert told himself with vicious contempt. “Some fish-blooded man who knew nothing at all about love!”

And no doubt he did not—as Rupert Heathcote understood love.

There was a look on his dark, handsome face, a look so brooding and morose that even Richard Heathcote noticed it as he came to him with troubled eyes when he rejoined them.

Finding his cousin's eyes upon him, Rupert gave him an undisguised scowl. Dick coloured, surprised by a thought that was almost a regret. It would have been pleasant if this first hour coming of his wife and himself could have been made alone.

He checked the thought, half-ashamed. Poor Rupert! The boy was very fond of him, and his affections were elemental in their strength. Perhaps already he was feeling a little out of things.

Still, Olive and he would see to it that he never felt that. He could trust Olive to be very kind to Rupert.

## THE HOME-COMING.

THE peace of that sunlit morning, when the wild heart of the forest had seemed tamed, as though in welcome to this English girl, did not remain with Olive Heathcote as a permanent possession.

Then, in the swift revulsion of the relief that her husband's presence had afforded her, all things had seemed possible to her. She had felt such warm gratitude towards Dick for being so near her, that she had almost felt that if it were not actual affection, it would quickly ripen into affection—that the fire of her unhappy passion for the man who had failed her would die.

He was so unworthy of her love—so unworthy of any good woman's love.

That was what Olive Heathcote told herself when she looked at the lithe figure, whose easy grace attracted her, into the dark eyes that had that fatal language of their own. She repeated it over and over again, as though it were an incantation that might ward off some evil spell.

But there was Rupert Heathcote's charm—the old glamour, the old chain of affection and sentiment that are so hard to break—even when love is dead.

Perhaps the secret of his continued power over her imagination lay in the fact that never once had he mentioned the happenings of that night to her.

Yet the knowledge was like some almost tangible bond between them. Some day he would speak, and then this knowledge would be the question to herself fearfully as she lay awake at night in the heat, tossing and turning, behind the mosquito bar, listening fearfully to the strange chaotic voices of the night.

“Sometimes the thought brought something worse than fear with it, so that the green walls of the forest seemed like the wall of a prison shutting her off from all hope, from all thought of escape. Her life was bound up in the lives of these two men. England, and the things of England, seemed to have grown strangely and terribly remote. There seemed to be no world beyond the forest; it dwarfed all other things.”

Then at last their four days' march brought them with unexpected suddenness out from the forest that for the last day of the march had been grim and ugly beyond anything that Olive could have conceived—a place of unfamiliar trees whose roofs shot out the sky and strange rank undergrowth where the miasma atmosphere seemed to affect the mind as well as the body—to the edge of a great tract of undulating country. A grass country which the wind could turn to a strange golden-hued glassy sea.

“We're within sight of home now, beloved,” Dick told his wife. “A few hours more. But you'll be splendid, Olive—splendid!”

“Oh, Dick,” she laughed, colouring a little, realising all her strange moods of the last four days, her occasional breakdowns, and always—always this man's unflinching trust and good humour that no mishap had the power to ruffle. “It is you who have been splendid. Haven't you learned to hate me—for all my silly complaining?”

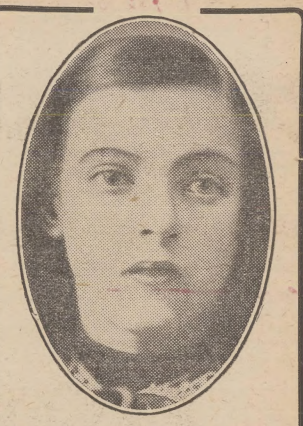
He put his hand on her lips with a whimsical little smile.

“You mustn't say foolish things like that,” he told her. “You've been through a trying ordeal and come out of it very well.” Then, as though the passion that consumed him was not to be held back, he bent over her and spoke:

“But I have been learning a lesson every hour of the journey,” he whispered. “Learn to love Olive. Learn to love the truth and the love of love; all the wonder that a woman can

(Continued on page 11.)

HOW TO REDUCE YOUR MEAT BILL—Make delicious and nutritious puddings with apples, figs, dates, guavas and condensed ATOFA. Buy 8oz. Always ready for use and saves all the trouble of chopping. Ask your grocer for it; refuse substitutes. Sold in lb. cartons 3/6 and 1 lb. cartons 5/6.—(Advt.)



Our Portrait is of Miss Nellie Thornton, of 79, Brighton Street, Salford, Manchester, whose mother writes:—

“I am sending a photo of my daughter ‘Nellie,’ who is now completely cured ‘of Eczema by your Clarke's Blood Mixture.’ She was

## Without Healthy Skin from Head to Foot

and could hardly bear to stand, sit, or lie down. I took her to the doctors, but she seemed to get no better. After six weeks I took her to a skin hospital, and I kept her under their treatment for five months. They gave me ointments for her, but they did her no good. She got worse. I then bought some ‘Clarke's Blood Mixture’ for her, and am now very thankful, for her life is due to the wonderful cure it has made of her.”

In a further letter recently received Mrs. Thornton writes: “Nellie is a fine young woman now, and has never ailed anything since she was cured by your wonderful ‘Clarke's Blood Mixture.’”

## If It's Any Disease Due to Impure Blood

such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.,

Don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit.

## Clarke's Blood Mixture

By reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

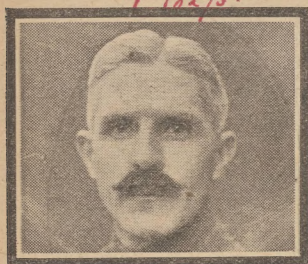
## THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD TROUBLES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2s. 9d. per bottle (six times the quantity 11s.).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.





*a-a Gordon.* Colonel Gordon, V.C.

#### Home Again.

I hear that Colonel Gordon, V.C., has been very ill. He is back in England, having been a prisoner of war in Germany since September, 1914. Major Gordon was in the siege and retreat from Antwerp, was appointed First Courier to the King of the Belgians, and is a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland. He has any amount of Orders. His friends are glad to hear that he is recovering from his illness.

#### The King's Outing.

This afternoon King George, accompanied by Queen Mary, will be present at the performance of Verdi's "Requiem" by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. This is the King's first public appearance since his accident in France.

#### Wished To Be Out.

The King happily has been recovered for some considerable time, and would, if he had had his own way, have been out and about long before this, but the medical advisers were obdurate and insisted on continued rest. They were afraid of his Majesty overtaxing his strength.

#### The Dictatorial Doctors.

In reference to this member of the Royal Household tells an amusing story which dates back only a few days. While the King was insisting that he was quite well again and should resume his full public duties one of the medical advisers came on the scene and promptly ordered more rest and more medicine. "Really," remarked King George, "some of these people, to judge from their manner, seem actually sorry to see me better!"

#### The Little Minister.

On Thursday night I saw Mr. Lloyd George "somewhere in Middlesex." He was speaking at the opening of one of the new Y.M.C.A. canteens at a munitions works. He looked very pale and worn, but when he rose to speak—clambering on to the table so that his audience could better look at him—all traces of weariness seemed miraculously to disappear. He was as full of fire as ever. Next but one to him was Mrs. Winston Churchill, who looked very pretty indeed in a charming dark costume with white braid.

#### A New Use for Shells.

These canteens, by the way, are a real boon to the workers. The general manager was telling us on Thursday that before the new canteen was established he discovered one workman cooking his dinner before a red-hot shell. And, as he very truly said, "that's not what shells are for."

#### Lights Out.

I am continually hearing stories of personal pluck and heroism during the recent Zepp raid over certain parts of England. And one of the best of these stories concerns Miss Madge White. This clever young actress was performing in a certain play in a certain town—I'm sorry I cannot be more explicit—when as a precautionary measure all the lights went out.



Miss Madge White.

#### Imitations.

But the theatre did not close and the audience did not disperse. On the contrary, the stage was illuminated with five candles, and in the semi-darkness Miss White amused the audience with a number of imitations of music-hall celebrities. She was accorded a great reception, and deserved it!

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

#### M.P.s' "Holidays" in Town.

I spent an hour last night in the smoke-room of a famous political club. From the large muster of country M.P.s one could have imagined that we were in the midst of a parliamentary session instead of a parliamentary recess. Almost everybody seemed to be talking of the imperative importance of swift and drastic action in our aerial campaign.

#### Air Reprisals.

I gathered that the last raid, which happened, you will have noted, since Parliament rose, has brought many waverers round to the conviction that air reprisals on an altogether unprecedented scale are the only effective way of checking the brutal murders of innocent women and children in this country.

#### 10,000 Battleplanes!

One member solemnly suggested that the Government should forthwith distribute orders for at least 10,000 battleplanes, so that the war may be carried into the enemy's territory on a sufficiently effective scale. Another strongly recommended that the Zepps should be fought by a fleet of British or French-made "Zepps." The only way, he urged, of dealing with the Huns' Zepps satisfactorily.

#### When Parliament Meets.

These are among the crop of suggestions which, I understand, are to be pressed upon the Government when Parliament re-assembles the week after next. An opportunity for these suggestions will, of course, arise on Mr. Joynton-Hicks's amendment to the Address, an amendment, by the way, which is likely to eclipse all others in point of public interest.

#### Both Houses Alert.

I hear that the Lords, as well as the Commons, are determined to debate our air defences, the desire being to get an assuring statement from Lord Kitchener, as well as from Mr. Balfour and Mr. Tennant. The destruction of the Canadian Parliament buildings has set many of our inert legislators thinking.

#### The Private Member.

A little while has been going up from some of our crank legislators that since the outbreak of the war they have had no opportunity of promoting their pet measures of "reform." When Parliament meets they will try and get the Government to give a few hours per week to the promotion of private members' Bills. Whether they will succeed is quite another question.

#### Thorough Police.

When the war is over I hope that some little tribute is paid to the great work done by the police. Of course, no reference could be made now, but I have information to prove that we have by a long way the most thorough police in the world. Their work is checked and rechecked, but Scotland Yard has come out with flying colours.

#### Going Through the Sieve.

An example of this thoroughness has been shown this week. It was found that a good many lodging-house keepers pleaded that they had no idea registers had to be kept. Scotland Yard immediately made a canvass of London, asking people for full particulars of everybody staying at houses. The result has been to prove that the Aliens Department organisation is absolutely perfect.

#### "Excelsior"—American Version.

Strange words, dark deeds were happening fast. When up and down our nation passed A man, who swung along the line A banner with the plain design— "To hell with the hyphen."

#### Belgian and Serbian Decorations.

I hear that for the moment Belgian and Serbian decorations are extinct because there is no Court Jeweller extant. Consequently souvenirs are now presented, to be redeemed with the suitable order when happier times arrive.

#### To Be Decorated.

The nurses of the Scottish Women's Unit in Serbia are, I hear, to be decorated for their valuable services. They will have to wait, of course, till after the war and content themselves meanwhile with the souvenir.

#### Advertising Up to Date.

We have seen our famous and pretty actresses' photographs used for advertising soaps, face creams, etc., but the latest comes from the United States. The photograph of Evelyn Nisbet (Mrs. Harry Thaw) heads an advertisement as "the popular and talented actress is the appreciative owner of a piano." It will be remembered that she appeared at the London Hippodrome with Teddie Gerard some while ago.

#### Just a Reminder.

This is just to remind you, in case you have forgotten, that you have not yet sent that packet of fifty or 100 satin autographed portraits of Nurse Cavell, which you are going to sell among your friends on behalf of our Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund. Send to-day.

#### Cheerful.

The cheerfulness of wounded soldiers is amazing. I was sympathising with a boxer who has lost his foot, but he cut me short with: "I'm jolly lucky. They tell me they can fix me up with a new foot, and I expect I'll be able to have another go at the blighters!"

#### English Puzzled Them.

A great many of the men who came over from Holland to work in the English munitions factories have returned to their native land. The trouble was that none of them could understand the English language, and consequently were unable to take orders.

#### German Crests.

I hear that the crests of German cities are to be seen still displayed in the dining-room of a hotel not 1,000 miles from Russell-square.

#### In a Different Capacity.

Just twelve months ago as the Guards were marching through Bethune the leading company gave a rousing cheer when they spotted Winston Churchill in a motor-car. At that time the First Lord was in mufti, but his change of occupation and attire has not decreased his popularity.

**Rowntree's Select Cocoa**  
increases Strength and Energy

#### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI.** A New Musical Play. **TINA.** Today, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. **GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY.** Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645, 2686. **AMBASSADORS.** "MORE," by Harry Gratton. Eggs, 8.30. **MALINE.** Thurs. and Sat., at 8.30. **APOLLO-OCEAN ASHES AND LILY BRAYTON IN THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.** To-day, 2.30. To-night, 8.15. **NEXT WEEK.** Matinees, Thurs. and Sat., only, at 8.15. **COMEDY.** Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh (22.15 time to-night). **TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. MATINEES.** Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **SHELL OUT!** by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. **RED KIDNEY and singing-circus SMOKERS PERFORMED CRITERION.** A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. **DAILY.** The George Edwards Production. **BETTY.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2. **WINDMILL BARNES.** Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowe, Jean de France, Donald Callirop and G. P. HUNTLEY. **PUSH IN BOOTS.** Evening, 7.30. Mats. Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 1.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Florence Smithson. Box-office, Tel. 2586. **DUKE OF YORKS.** ALICE IN WONDERLAND, at 7.15. At 8.15, "The Picture" and THE PICTURE. **CAIETY.** Evening, 8.0. Mats. Sat., 2.0. **TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.** GEO. GROSSE and Gaiety Co. **GARRICK.** 8.30. Mats. Weds. Sat., 2.30. **TIGER'S CLUB.** BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERAGE. **GLOBE.** Daily, 2.30. Eve., Weds. Fri., Sat., 8.15. **MISS MOVA MANNEING IN PEG O' MY HEART.** **HUMPHREY.** Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **LYRIC.** DORIS KEANE IN ROMANCE. **TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MATINEES.** Wed. and Sat., 2.30. **OWEN NAIRES.** A. E. ANSON. **OPERA SEASON AT SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.** **TO-DAY, at 2. BUTTERFLY.** **TO-NIGHT, at 8. TALES OF HOFFMANN.** Mon. **CAVALIERA RUSTICANA.** **PAGLIACCI and UNF. VOIX DANS LE DESERT.** Tues. **THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE.** Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. 5556.



Miss Marguerite Clarke.

#### Too Much Variety.

Cine players do a great deal of travelling to different parts of the New World in the course of a few weeks so as to get the right weather and scenes. Marguerite Clarke, the well-known movie artist, complains about the vicissitudes of the life of a screen star. "It was only last week that I was comfortably basking in the sunlight of Savannah, Ga.," wails the famous beauty, "and now here I am in Northern New York, with snow 1,000ft. deep, more or less, as far as the eye can see, if not farther."

#### At Sing-Sing.

I was talking to a friend of mine connected with the film world who has just arrived from the States, and he told me the following story. Just after a film had been shown to the convicts in Sing-Sing Prison some weeks ago, one of the prisoners duplicated a feat shown on the screen and thereby escaped. In the film a man delivers his master from prison by twisting asunder the steel bars of his cell, employing only the strength of his arms.

#### Some Strong Man.

Jean Kirsher, a convict who had served only a few months of his seventeen-year sentence, concealed himself in the chapel, which had been darkened for the presentation of the picture, and remained behind after all the other men had filed out. When left alone he in some way removed a steel bar from the chapel window and escaped.

THE RAMBLER.

**HIS MAJESTY'S. MRS. PRETTY AND THE PREMIER.** A Comic Play of Australian Life, by Arthur H. Adams. **TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15.** Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **ARTHUR BOURCHIER.** Kyle Bellus. **PALLADIUM.** Gigantic Success, **CINDERELLA, HARRY WILSON, NOVA DELANY.** Over 100 Performances. MATINEES only EVERY DAY, at 2.15. **PLAYHOUSE.** To-day, at 2. and To-night, at 8.45. **Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30 and 8.15.** **PRINCE OF WALES.** At 3 and 8.45. **STOP THIEF.** To-day, at 2. and To-night, at 8.45. **Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30 and 8.15.** **PERCY HUTCHISON.** MURIE ILLINGTON. **QUEEN'S.** A New Revue. **"OH LA LA!"** To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. **ROYALTY.** THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. **DENNIS EADIE.** Every Day, at 2.30, and **WEDS. THURS. and SATS., at HALF-PAST FIVE.** **ST. JAMES'S.** **TONIGHT and Every Sat. Evening, at 8.15.** A New Comedy, **THE BASKER**, by Clifford Mills. **GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENETIVIE WARD.** **SAVOY.** At 2.30 and 8.15. **MR. H. B. IRVING.** THE CASE OF LADY CAMELOT, by H. A. Vachell. Every Evening and Mats. Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **STRAND.** POPULAR PRICES. **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** Mats. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. **MR. WY.** Every Evening, at 8.30. Mats. Mon., Weds., Thurs., 2.30. **SCALA.** Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. **THE WORLD AT WAR.** A remarkable collection of War Pictures on Land and Sea. Captured German Film of Our Enemies on Eastern and Western Fronts. **GEY.** Last and 1566. **VAUDEVILLE.** H. Gratton's Revue, "SAMPLES!" Every Evening, at 8.30. **MATS. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.** **WYNDHAM'S.** At 2.15 and 8.15. **THE WAGE CASE.** Gerald du Maurier and Marie Lohr. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.15. **ALHAMBRA.** Varieties, 8.15. **Alfred Lester and Co.** in "Simmer's Story." **"NOW'S THE TIME!"** at 9.30. **ADELINE GENEE, J. F. McArdle, Phyllis Mookman and Leo White.** Doors, 8.15. **Matinees, Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.** Doors, 2.

Other Amusements on page 11.







# Our Man to Win the War: By James Douglas, in "Sunday Pictorial"

"TRUST the People!" by  
Mr. Horatio Bottomley  
in the "Sunday Pictorial."

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

BUY the "Sunday Pictorial"  
if You Want the Best  
Exclusive Pictures. : : :

### AN ENGAGEMENT



Lieutenant E. N. Clifton (Coldstream Guards), to marry Miss N. V. Nicolson.—(Langner.)

### MILITARY CROSS



Lieutenant Francis Truscott, awarded the Military Cross. He is a son of Sir George Truscott.

### PARIS EXPRESS RAILWAY DISASTER.



One of the carriages was completely overturned by the collision.



The line was strewn with wreckage and debris from the wreck.

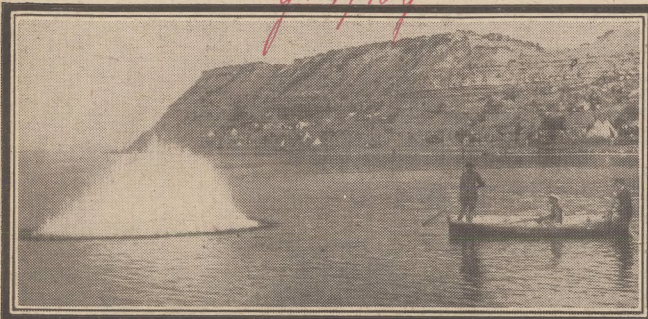
Fourteen persons were killed and forty injured in an accident to the Paris express at Saint Denis. The train, which was travelling at enormous speed, collided at Saint Denis Station with a goods truck, which had been shunted on to the line. The engine's tender was thrown across the line and seven of the third-class coaches caught fire.

### ARRESTED ENEMY CONSULS.



The arrest of the enemy Consuls at Salonika was ordered by General Sarraïl after three aeroplanes had dropped bombs upon the town. Picture shows the Bulgarian (left) and Austrian Consuls.—(Illustrated War News.)

### SOMETHING IZAAK WALTON DIDN'T KNOW.



Bombing fish was one of the favourite sports with our officers in the Dardanelles. Taking advantage of the fine weather, the officers would go out in boats with their bombs. Frequently they got quite a good haul. This photograph was taken just off Helles.

### FUNERAL OF A BALACLAVA HERO.



Sergeant J. Lenneger, a Balacava veteran (wearing his medals), at the funeral of his old comrade, Sergeant J. Mustard, at Twickenham yesterday. A firing party of the 17th Lancers, who came over from Ireland specially to attend the funeral.